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## BOOK REVIEWS



A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF NURSING. Edited by Honnor Morten. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London.

This is a book arranged on the plan of "A Complete System of Medicine," etc.,—that is, the articles dealing with different branches of nursing are written by different people, both nurses and physicians, all of whom are doubtless reliable authorities and among whom we notice some well-known names, including two American nurses. The editor wished that the volume should be small enough for the nurse to carry it, and it is of convenient size, with fairly good type.

The articles cover a great variety of subjects, including massage and electricity, mental nursing, district, private, and infirmary nursing, and sick-room cookery. They are, as a whole, practical and good as reference or aids to memory, while necessarily so condensed as to be rather imperfect as instruction.

Much of the teaching given, also, while compact, is of an extremely elementary order, as if intended for women who needed the very a, b, and c of practical work, and, with the detailed and careful instruction given to-day in most training-schools, seems rather out-of-date,—such, for instance, as the "Hints to Nurses on Urine Testing," on page 81.

The chapters on district and infirmary nursing are interesting and give a good outline of the history of these reform movements, the latter work owing much to Agnes Jones, Miss Louisa Twining, and Miss Wilson. D.

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### FOR RECREATION READING

THE mass of books which somewhat swamped the fiction market in the early holiday-time gave a promise of good reading which has hardly been fulfilled. How few of these many books are really able to hold one's attention from cover to cover. We look back over the list,—shuddering at the name of the "House with the Green Shutters," smiling a grateful remembrance of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," then on and on, a long, long list of unmitigated boredom,—and we sigh for the novels in the days that have been. To pick out one or two that have almost had the power to charm: There is, perhaps first, "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn." Now, with all due respect to Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, it is a poor sort of a book, and yet it has certain pleasing qualities which go a good way towards redeeming its bad ones. I remember in my nursery days a certain patch-work quilt made by some thrifty individual out of the left-over scraps and patches from the summer wardrobe of a family of little girls, who found unending interest in identifying the morsels of print and calico—waking up early in the morning to search through the intricacies of the "log-cabin" pattern for bits like Susan's pinny or Margaret's frock, as it might happen. So with the "Fortunes of Oliver Horn:" there are endless little rag-tags of interest to New Yorkers that make some of us almost love the book. Who else has put into a novel our George Washington as he sits astride his eternally prancing charger, eternally threatening to ride into Union Square. Or turn the pages: here is John Gilbert